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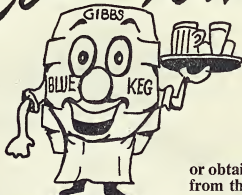
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SECOND WESSEX

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

DECEMBER, 1961

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Editorial

STUDENT literature is important because it expresses the minds of individuals in a state of development. All attempts at self-expression are an important and sensitive part of the human being, and should be taken seriously, while communication is vital for us, since it is the only means of penetrating fundamental human isolation and encouraging standing of ourselves and others.

I choose to state the obvious because I am disturbed by the attitude of some students, not only to the work of their fellows, but to Art in all its forms. I have no wish, nor right to wield complicated words like "culture" and "apathy" as weapons to threaten those who do not share my views, but I think there are many otherwise intelligent people who foster a deliberate and arrogant philistinism as a method of self defence. Literature can transform us only when our minds are open to experience. No one is truly alive whose philosophy rests on a narrow basis of selected prejudice, and for whom the experience of others is not a frequent re-assessment of what they themselves are.

Student writers are often accused of treating only a few, very personal emotions, unrelated to what is happening in the "real world," wherever that is. I think it is wrong to assume that they are unaware of other things because they are, *at this moment*, concerned with primary emotions to which we are all subject.

The publication of "Second Wessex" is a very important event in the life of this University. You, the readers, must give something of yourselves in order to meet what we give of ourselves, since literature of all kinds requires the active co-operation of writer and reader. Only when the masks are laid aside is communication possible. To you, who will not buy "Second Wessex," or who mockingly inquire what is the use of "poetry and such," I wish you the misfortune to read what I have written, and accept my sincere condolences on your sad loss.

In this edition I have re-initiated the book review, and I hope this is a feature that will continue to expand in the future.

My heartfelt gratitude is due to Pete Banham, whose words of encouragement and advice have helped me to maintain my sanity on more than one occasion, and to Jenny Euston, Janet Price and Valerie Bryant, without whom nothing would have been possible. I am also indebted to G. F. Wilson & Co. Ltd. for their constant help.

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St. Michael's Church, Southampton

The iron-clad door closed on the dreary square
And the vague vastness lay half-lit before me;
The worn flags, once washed with flooding blood,
The cold stone, glinting, stayed the eyes,
Leaving alone a sightless sense to seek
The faint fragrance left by the scenting censer,
Left to lift the world-wearied mind aloft
Out of the fond fetters of the body's prison.

And through, beyond the axe-chiselled towered chancel,
There, painless in his pyx, the sacramental Saviour hangs
As the crucified Christ, the cross stark against the sky,
Which streaming into the sanctuary by the window
Dispels as dust by the wind the darkness
That reigns beyond the feeble reaches of the flickering flame.
And close beside stands Mary his mother,
Watching, as she watched her worn God on Golgotha,
Each keeping careful guard in the gloom,
Per omnia saecula saeculorum. Amen.

B. H. OWEN.

Ten Weeks

AIR travel is ruthless. In its supercilious way it treats violent separations like casual farewells; and momentous journeys like daily 'bus trips. I cannot re-orient myself after an inter-continental flight with the easy knowingness of an air hostess. When my body arrived at London Airport, my being was still in Kampala, and there it seemed to stay for several days while my frame walked around telling everyone how nice it was to be back: but it wasn't.

Perhaps after this wrenching and tearing process is over, and (in vile official phraseology) the temporary "ex-patriate" has slid back into his rut, whatever sticks in the memory most vividly may be called impressions: I hope so, because I've been asked for impressions, and this jumbled patchwork of ignorance and brief, vivid experience is all I have to draw on. Any journey to somewhere new changes us provided we go open, prepared to relax into the rhythm of the place so that it can exhilarate and hurt, jolt and soothe us, either separately or all at once. My visit to East Africa changed me quite radically, but in ways which I am not yet ready to understand or analyse. Nevertheless I must speak of East Africa with both the humility and the arrogance of the man who is not an observer merely, but has become irrevocably involved. After falling in love, ten weeks later there are still so many important things the lover doesn't know about his partner—or, worse still, thinks he knows and has really got all wrong; but for all that he will have acquired a fund of convictions lying beyond fact and logic which no considered statements by schoolteachers or friends of long standing can shake. And in my love-affair with East Africa the same is true: there are so many things which I don't know, or half know, or think I half know; and I hope that on such matters I have not yet acquired a closed mind. But there are a few impressions which remain with me as convictions, "carried alive into the heart by passion," which no-one can reason me out of; and which only experience can even modify.

I should break my line of thought here to explain what I mean by East Africa. In an important sense there is, of course, no such place. What has Mombasa in common with Kabale? What have the Baganda in common with the Luo? But, on the other hand, there is a certain sense of community, of common destiny. Kenyans and Tanganyikans and Ugandans know about each other in a by-and-large fashion, whereas, in my experience, they know little about the Congolese, and nothing whatever about the Sudanese or, say, the Nigerians. My East Africa includes Tanganyika through friendships and longings, not yet through visits. Kenya I have seen on a lightning tour, during which I was never made or allowed to feel like a tourist, and for some all too brief days when I was able to take it easy and just meet people; and many Kenyan friendships were also, happily, made or strengthened in Kampala. I have taught for the best part of a term at Makerere, and visited every district in Uganda, sometimes staying with African friends, sometimes

getting to know Africa by road. All this adds up to a scrappy and inadequate visit; but I was often enough able to slip into the tempo of life wherever I found myself to feel that I had been there a long while; indeed I can't believe even now that my whole stay wasn't at least six months rather than ten weeks.

But to get back to what I was saying about my impressions. Where does getting to know a place really start? I would say in people's eyes. It's the one part of the body we don't seem able to lie with—as certain politicians found to their cost when television swept into vogue in Britain. In Europe we've made some progress in learning to lie with our facial expressions. But even in this, happily, Africans are way behind us. I have very seldom felt that an African was "putting on" an expression. And so I come to my most vivid single impression—the African smile. Smiling has never become a social convention here. If an African feels neither friendly nor hostile, he will just look at you, quite straightforwardly. He feels no demand to smile to cover up a momentary embarrassment. This embarrassment does not exist. Therefore a smile is always a positive act of communication. Africans smile a lot: they communicate readily. I will be told, no doubt, that I am reacting shallowly, that I am easily taken in. My answer to a doubter on this point would be, "Do you look into an African's eyes when he smiles at you? You will almost invariably find that he is trying to look into yours." After you have looked into someone's eyes, no-one else can tell you what you should or should not find there. And it's all of a piece with what I am saying, that Africans do look into your eyes as a matter of course. It was perhaps the shyest of all the East Africans I met who told me he had been taught by his father that if he did not look into people's eyes, he was not a man.

This is an important counter-balance to the confusion which can arise from the average African's very un-English attitude towards verbal truth. Lying is often taken for granted; there are many contexts in which it is no insult to call someone a liar (although this is seldom true among intellectuals, or in significant situations either in the tribe or the family). There is here an intimate link with the assumption that bartering is the normal way of doing business. Words are a jockeying for position, an elaborate pattern of social compromise. This is something the European has rapidly to come to understand. Moral indignation may be out of place as a reaction to lying. The danger is that, having got this far in understanding, it becomes easy to go a step further into assuming that what is understandable must therefore be acceptable. It is important to remain alert to the constant need for deciding and distinguishing between what one understands and accepts, and what one understands but resists. It is equally extreme to stand outside social mores and attitudes or, on the other hand, to accept them indiscriminately. Each extreme leads in its way to a different kind of patronisation, colonial haughtiness or indulgent sentimentality. All human beings deserve to be taken seriously, and this implies a readiness to comprehend and to criticise.

Certainly verbal communication is important; and, quite apart from moral considerations, truthfulness is so quick and efficient as a social norm: it makes it infinitely easier to get things done, and to organise society effectively at every level. To see the desirability of change here is important; to see only this is to have a warped view of the society. It is to fail to realise that side by side with the muddle of verbal half-truths is a fund of immediately available truthfulness and integrity in African faces, which makes it possible to disentangle truth from untruth, and in the process form human contacts. There is much to be said against this as a method of organisation; there is much to be said in favour of it as a way of people being together. It leads to corruption—and to illumination.

I have developed this theme as an example of an important point of difference between English and East African assumptions. What wearied me most in many "ex-patriates" I met, including some of the most positive and devoted, was their endless surprise—surprise that things were different, surprise that things were done so inefficiently or slowly or corruptly. Much of this surprise seemed to me naïve or disingenuous. Surely the natural expectation would be that in a totally different environment most things would be different; and that in a less developed and less sophisticated society, most things would be less developed and less sophisticated. Surprise easily leads to some degree of scorn. Surprise is, indeed, a distorting mirror. It obscures the fact that in nine matters out of ten the confusions and inefficiencies and corruptions one encounters are the same kind as the confusions, inefficiencies and corruptions one meets in Europe, but modified and scaled to East African society in its present phase. There are so many constants in human behaviour. (This is perhaps more plainly seen, and certainly more easily acknowledged by the English, if one contemplates the Continent of Europe.) Incidentally, "expatriots" have a bewildering readiness to speak of organised democratic society in England as if it was their personal moral achievement rather than as something they were lucky enough to find themselves born into, itself the product of centuries of hard-fought pioneering against all forms of corruption, a campaign which is not yet concluded. What is worse, this unbalanced view of certain differences in degree between our societies leaves many critics with little leisure to consider the residue of real and vital differences in kind which do exist, and are worth arguing over at every available opportunity. For instance, I do not accept uncritically the bland sexual promiscuity which has followed the break-down of tribal law in certain areas, though I can see how this has come about and can withhold irrelevant, crude moralising. Nor do I necessarily accept the almost Puritanical and sometimes repressive attitudes to adolescents in other tribes, though I can see that one cannot withdraw a king-pin from a social system without the whole structure collapsing. Again, an African friend would at first be amazed and then be interested to hear me declare that I thought I really believed in equality and that he didn't, since I not only accepted that he and I were on a par regardless of colour, but I also regarded his wife as my equal regard-

less of sex, which he could not say. In short, I certainly don't want to argue that all the differences between Europe and East Africa are superficial; but I do think we ought to distinguish between the many differences which are merely circumstantial, and the few contrasts which are fundamental.

One matter on which I clashed with many of my African friends was over the horror, abhorrence and, frequently, intolerance they expressed towards the naked tribes of distant Karamoja which I visited—people who are not only intensely friendly and happy (cattle-raiding apart), but who have a surprisingly well formulated viewpoint about nakedness, which they have chosen to retain (as long as they can), having considered clothed men and coherently rejected their way of life. It is a pity that other Africans still feel the need to be so on the defensive, in the psychological sense, that they must assert their own cultivation by such violent reactions. True, most of them have opted out of thinking about these areas, so when the subject comes up they are touched on the raw and respond impulsively. However, even here I found many of my African friends ready to consider new ideas, though on this subject ideas had to be more strongly expressed than usual before they would be taken up.

One hears a great deal about East Africa developing "too fast." I'm not sure what this means, but there is no doubt a sort of truth in the suggestion. But few people who make this remark seem to realise that it is a purely abstract statement, without any practical application. Few historical movements could be considered as having proceeded at an optimum tempo for steady development without social disruption. No amount of pious regret will alter the pace at which East Africa is changing. All that its members can do is to learn to live amidst this rapid transformation scene, and so retain some ability to influence and direct the flood-tide of "progress." Those who simply stand and wring their hands will certainly be swept away.

There is, surely, so much to hope for in East Africa, for those with eyes to see. I haven't written of my own educational hobbyhorses, more by accident than design since they are very important. I might have talked about the brilliant system for teaching English in Uganda; the devotion of the lamentably under-trained primary staffs; the problem of the half-educated boy who cannot complete his senior education; the exhilarating eagerness of the pupils; the inadequate provision for schooling between O level and A level; the amazing intellectual attack, the serious open-mindedness, the readiness to think and to discuss that I found in the university. With all the short-comings, there are sound foundations for a constructive future.

And far and wide I met a genuine non-racialism among Africans, not only among intellectuals but among work-a-day people I got to know everywhere. In many unexpected places I found myself welcomed not in spite of the fact that I was a *mzungu*, not exactly because of it, but rather with the sense of being welcome anyway but with particular pleasure because I was white and a gesture was being made towards the

breaking down of separating barriers; the easy friendliness of "If you want to be with us, we certainly want to be with you" was altogether un-selfconscious. I found this wherever I went in Kenya as well as Uganda. I did meet hostility; I certainly didn't avoid places where I was told that I would find it; but such encounters were rare, and always concerned isolated individuals.

People naturally ask me why I want to go to East Africa, not just "Africa." I don't believe Africa exists any more than Europe does, and I regard "the African personality" as a myth—but that by the way. My choice of East Africa is firm and considered, not accidental. East Africans are forthcoming in a way which wins my immediate response. I have some very good friends from West Africa, and I intend to visit Nigeria as soon as I can. As a result of their own social structure, West Africans have a sureness, a confidence which is wonderful. To call them friendly is a gross under-statement. But they have an ultimate self-sufficiency which I admire without sharing. East Africans, on the other hand, actually need other people, and so do I. With them there is a spontaneous communication which fulfils this need to commit oneself to other human beings, a spirit that answers something in me and draws me like a magnet.

I have no doubt where I must conclude my impressions—at the point to which my general thinking always returns, to me the most remarkable and exhilarating factor in modern East Africa, and of so many other parts of the continent: the fundamental lack of bitterness. Goodness knows, the purely internal political situations in Uganda and Kenya are as complicated as in any countries in the world. One can find African politicians far to the right of Lord Salisbury and, on the contrary, extremists who have jumped on the band-wagon of nationalism without even any very clear understanding of the issues. The former, where they exist, are losing their grip; the latter never really had any very strong grip—there is among East African intellectuals, and to some surprising degree elsewhere, an almost excessive level-headedness which means that, however much noise they may make among themselves, demagogues are not going to find these peoples easy prey. Yet behind all the political and racial disagreements and squabbings—and there is a very general interest in such matters among the men—one seldom hears the note of vicious rancour so familiar in other areas of the world. Of course, the justifications for both racial and tribal antagonisms vary greatly in degree from district to district. But I am talking of something which is general, which overrides even the keenest provocation and the justest sense of injury, as well as milder frictions. Africans, in my experience, simply have not developed any talent for hating other human beings. They can be violent; they can, as I have good reason to know, follow rigid and primitive patterns of revenge; and, as we are all aware, in special and alarming circumstances ritualistic savagery can lead to cruelty as wild, if not as sophisticated, as some of the atrocities witnessed in Europe between 1939 and 1945. But this is all impersonal, following through a terrible and often naïve logic of its own, which can be traced to its causes

in special circumstances. In day-to-day affairs there is real mildness and gentleness. Politics, certainly, stimulate hard hitting; but even in political discussion, whatever the issue, it remains an issue to be argued over rather than fought over. Though there has sometimes seemed to me much stronger cause, I have not heard expressed the intense personal animosity which still openly exists between certain sections of socialists and conservatives in Britain, for instance. This absence of fundamental bitterness seems to me a wonderful and most incredible basis on which to begin the next stage of building these countries, a constructive process with which I very much want to be associated. Of course, there will be muddle, mistakes, waste—where do these not exist? There will be both wrong-headedness and corruption. There will be infinite need and opportunity for human beings of all shapes and sizes to fight, and fight hard, for what they believe in. But it has come to me that this is the part of the world where I would now like to do my fighting.

I knew I should never have tried to give impressions of East Africa. One can do this only at places which provoke simple, clear, cast-iron views. Every sentence I have written seems to me an over-simplification in some way or another: I want to say, "No, it's more complicated than that" and write a paragraph. But let them stand. One should have the courage to make some generalisations and outface the critics who preface their remarks with, "When you've been here as long as I have . . ." No doubt they are sometimes right. But, though a child's vision will tell us different things, perhaps it can tell us as much as an old man's.

DAVID COOK.

The Beggar-Maid

Saw you the beggar-maid
Walking so carefully,
Balancing, invisible
A jar on her head?
The jar was not a jar,
It was a light,
A gift divine,
A sacred trust,
Her body the pillar.
She who carries the light
Must live purely.
There is no more conflict,
No clash of desires.
A beggar-maid carrying the light,
In tatters symbolic.

An Approach to the Cinema

LIKE Jazz the cinema is a young art form and has developed during the 20th century. The revolutions and changes which for the theatre, painting and concert music have been spread over several centuries have for the cinema and jazz been telescoped into a period of little more than sixty years. It is not surprising, therefore, that these two art forms have not developed the same range nor depth of expression as the more established media. The limited development of jazz results almost certainly from the fact that the blues, an essential element of jazz, depends for a successful interpretation on the participation of negro musicians. The cinema, however, is not the art form of one particular race or country, for it has spread itself in a universally recognisable form all over the world. Within these national boundaries it has assumed national characteristics, but the best foreign films reveal something of the nature of the people who made them, yet at the same time add something of universal significance in the presentation of social, moral or metaphysical problems. This perhaps explains in part the enthusiastic reception of "Hiroshima mon amour" in Canada and of Bergman's films in Japan.

Before considering the artistic nature of the cinema, one must attempt to define it as an industry and in its relation to society, for in both these respects it differs from other art forms. The social importance of the cinema is in part dependent on the economic conditions surrounding the creation of a film and one cannot underestimate their importance. One French critic has suggested that artistic developments have largely depended on the growth of the cinema as an industry. Since the cost of an ordinary feature film is upwards from £50,000, it is understandable that the producers are unwilling to take risks by backing a film with a limited appeal. The *Nouvelle Vague* in France may be considered above all as an attempt to overcome the financial difficulties which have often limited experiment in the cinema. The young directors have done much to reduce the cost of filming by using relatively unknown actors, by filming outside with the minimum number of technicians, and by using hand cameras, etc. This relative financial freedom has resulted in the production of extremely personal films, for the prime concern of the directors has not been commercial success. On the other hand the success of the conventional film produced and financed by a large company is often measured solely by the box office receipts. It is quite clear that the growth of the cinema as a medium of mass entertainment has depended very largely on its economic condition rather than on its artistic form. The fact that the cinema in part usurped the rôle of the novel as the popular art form does not explain its development as a mass medium, for as an examination of the relationship of the novel and the cinema will show this is largely an artistic and human problem.

Just as the novel in itself is incomplete and demands for its completion the participation of the reader, so the film needs the spectator. Both are the direct means of communication between the author/director

and the individual. Most early films in the history of the cinema were directed to a mass audience and consequently shaped according to popular taste. It is only in comparatively recent times that the cinema has broken through the traditional barriers of the artistic elite to establish itself as an art form. The development away from a purely popular medium of entertainment must in part be attributed to the work of film societies who have done much to foster a critical and appreciative public. This public has in turn encouraged the producers and directors to develop their medium. At one extreme the cinema fascinates and dominates the individual with a story, drawing him away from his own life, with the result that there can be only a minimum of objective, critical appreciation; at the other, whilst giving pleasure, the film preserves a certain distance between itself and the spectator and requires a more objective judgment on his part. This polarity between entertainment and artistic merit is important for it underlies the entire creation of the cinema.

Many interesting reports have been made of the appeal of film stars on the public and from them one may deduce that the star appeals to those of the same sex. For instance, film magazines and Hollywood legends often build up the female star as the ideal American girl. Her personal problems, likes and dislikes are made known so that she does not become an unreal figure but rather remains an ideal to which the average girl may aspire. This example serves two purposes, for it shows that the cinema affords an escape from the troubles of daily routine and that this is possible for the spectator through self-identification with the hero or heroine of the film. The film once having captivated the spectator in this way enables him to relax but has little chance of communicating any serious content to him. In the 19th century the novel played a similar rôle for the bourgeois public. Eisenstein consciously made use of the fascinating quality of the film to lead the spectator along the path of his creation, so that he saw not only the finished work but also experienced in part the creative process. This in the hands of a genius allows one to discover the world of the director and subsequently to judge it. At its worst complete fascination of the audience degenerates into a paternal attitude on the part of the director and the imposition of a point of view. Whilst the fascination of the audience is connected with self-identification and consequently with a credible situation in the film, attempts have been made to present a world of fantasy which have been largely unsuccessful. Cocteau, one of the chief exponents of the fantasy film, has said, "The film offers a truly poetic means of expression in this sense that it allows one to show the unreal with a realism that demands the spectator's acceptance." Yet in "Le Testament d'Orphée" moments of fantasy fail to convince because one is immediately conscious of the technical tricks involved for instance, when Cegeste rises fully clad from the waves. Similarly, in the "The Ten Commandments," presentation in images of the burning of the bush and the writing on the tablets destroys the suggestion of a miracle which is present in the literary story.

Together with the relative failure of fantasy the cinema has rejected to a large extent the insertion of obvious pictorial symbols. This device,

borrowed almost directly from literature, is frequently used by Ingmar Bergman and occasionally the symbol becomes too obvious. Many critics, condemning Bergman for his literary tendencies, have revealed the need for the film to develop its own symbolism which would remain in keeping with the essentially realist nature of the cinema. Since its birth the cinema has tried to develop realism and whilst, in the light of modern films, much which was accepted as realism now appears artificial, it is important to trace the developments which have taken place in the search for realism and to study the cinema in relation to the novel and the theatre.

The cinema and the novel may be considered in many ways as artistically parallel forms, since they deal in a similar way with psychological, sociological and aesthetic problems and techniques proper to one have been successfully used by the other. The self-identification which was so much a part of the cinema led to the development of serial films and a similar process in the novel has earlier led to the appearance of such works as the "*Chronique des Pasquier*" of Georges Duhamel. Just as the hero of the novel is sometimes remembered outside the context of the novel, so the film star transcends the character in the film and is remembered as a star. One can make many comparisons of this nature on a superficial, technical level, but the essential similarities exist in the relationship of the respective forms with the reader and spectator. The act of reading a novel isolates the reader as an individual and introduces him into another world, and although for practical and economic reasons one goes to the cinema to see a film, there is the same isolation. This becomes more apparent when one compares the cinema and the theatre. In the latter the presence of the proscenium arch divides those on the stage from those in the audience, and both groups are aware of their unity and on the whole they react to each other as groups. The emotion of the audience in the theatre affects the individual but this is not so on the cinema. The cinema screen is a world of shadows in which the individual is personally involved and becomes engrossed to the exclusion of the audience around him. The theatre is a spectacle and in this connection one should mention Brecht. He wished the audience to see the play at a distance and to this end introduced many tableaux and made the actors reveal the falseness of their characters. Whilst the degree of distance between the stage and the audience varies according to the playwright, the presence of the proscenium arch does represent the essential distinction between the cinema and the theatre.

Just as the theatre presents a spectacle, so the novel and film in their turn depend largely on the narration of a series of events for continuity. However, the presentation of the story in its normally accepted sense eliminates much of the richness of the surrounding material. The techniques of the novel and the cinema have developed almost simultaneously in their attempt to combine them both and thus the artistic whole has become more complex. In its simplest form the narrative relates the story of an individual either from his position or from one very close to him. The presence of a narrator, like the camera, provides a certain

continuity and allows the use of flashback and the mingling of past and present. The attempts by Joyce and Dos Passos to present a total vision of the society which they described were paralleled in the cinema by Orson Welles: in "Citizen Kane" he builds a world around Kane.

The film director adopted the novelist's technique of describing a scene from various positions and in this way gave the camera a greater mobility. The film also developed the use of ellipsis—the movement from one series of events to another—to preserve the thread of the story. The use of contrasting descriptions instead of analysis in the novel can be extremely penetrating and in the film this effect is heightened. The scenes of greatest tension in the film are often presented purely pictorially with no dialogue, one thinks immediately of "Le Trou" and "L'Aventura." The skilful use of images reduces the rôle of the dialogue. However, this does not mean a return to silent film is imminent, for in the case of "Le Trou" the predominance of action over words is in keeping with the situation. There is an emotional intensity in the scenes where the men are tunnelling to escape from prison which denies conversation. As the cinema is, above all, a visual and realistic medium the image is often more effective than the spoken word. Whereas the object in a novel is often described with human epithets, it may be seen in the film above all as an object with its own value. The image can present a scene with more distance and objectivity.

Though the novelist and film maker have found greater mobility in their narrative to express different attitudes, nevertheless, the finished product represents the personal vision of the creator. His material is selected and patterned in such a way as to suggest a certain conception of the world. The final scene in "Stella" is an excellent example of the skilful use of crossing-up by Michael Cacoyannis to create exactly the desired tension and climax. This, one might say, is essential in a work of art, yet it sometimes destroys the realism of a film since one is conscious of the hand of the director behind it.

In a recent article "Film" Peter Brook discusses the movement of the cinema away from false realism and alludes to one of the main features in the development of the modern novel and the film. Many film directors are no longer satisfied with the studio set, however realistic, but prefer to shoot in the open with the minimum artificiality. Thus in "A Bout de Souffle" there are shots of Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo walking along the Champs Elysees, unknown to the passers-by. In the realm of the documentary, where the main preoccupation is realism, there have been many advances. Often the same film is shown with two different commentaries to allow the spectator a more objective judgment. For "Moi un Noir" Jean Rouch filmed natives in Abidjan and used one of them as his commentator. The narrative position is no longer that of the author, and although the film is seen from the natives' position, it is not his personal story, but a film commented by him. In this way there is a certain distance between the spectator and the film. "The Savage Eye" uses similar methods, but although everything is seen

from the woman's point of view—by her "savage eye"—one is aware of her emotional condition from the beginning and has almost the same objective distance as in "Moi un Noir."

Although the vision of society and humanity has been broadened, until recently the novelist and the film director had not questioned the possibility of describing the human condition. They have taken for granted their ability to understand that particular society or movement which they wish to present and to describe it adequately in words of film. Both "La Dolce Vita" and "Rocco and his Brothers" reveal the personal vision of Fellini and Visconti and their preoccupation with certain social and moral problems. Fellini has himself talked of the theme of his film: "In a sense it is the study of a particular type of Italian life, but not in anger—rather in pity. It is a picture of a world in which people are bored and aimless."

A gradual movement in the French novel has led to the rejection of the psychological study of man. The contemporary novelists suggest that if a man is to establish a true image of himself in the world, he must examine his condition without trying to embrace himself and the object world in a meaningful whole. The problem for them is not that they do not know enough. They are unable to present a complete picture of society or even of an isolated event, because there are too many aspects to be described. In the most important film to have emerged from the Nouvelle Vague in France "Hiroshima mon amour" Alain Resnais studies some of these problems. The long travelling shots of Nevers and Hiroshima are his attempts to embrace the two towns but he can only present the exterior, not the full richness of everything these names suggest. If a total vision is impossible the world breaks up into particles and the artist can only capture some of them. Thus Nevers is presented as a series of disjointed memories by the girl. Resnais does not attempt to relate in any chronological sequence, which would suggest a meaning and understanding on the girl's part. Rather by presenting them in a disjointed, subjective way he implies that this is an incomplete picture of her life in Nevers. The spectator is at a certain objective distance, for he is not engrossed by a story, but follows the Japanese in his undertaking to find out about the girl's past. The scene is presented as an emotional crisis and at the same time one sees the reaction of the hero and he is situated between the spectator and the events. There can be no self-identification nor projection into the story but the film may however, turn us towards our own problems. Such a detailed analysis is perhaps justified since "Hiroshima mon amour" both extends the possibilities of the film and may also be considered as one of the most positive examples of a new "realist" approach to the world. In its treatment of time the film may again be compared to several contemporary novels. In a normal story the main events which ensure the continual movements are linked across the lapse of time which separates them from reality. This intervening period is of little importance. But in "Hiroshima mon amour" it is such a lapse of time—a period of sixteen hours—with which Resnais is concerned. The camera follows the two

characters from tea-room to airport waiting room through the streets. Throughout the film one is aware of the period of time which has to be filled. During the sixteen hours the relationship between the two people seems little more than that of a brief encounter, doomed to oblivion. Resnais studies at length their incommunicability and the oblivion which threatens their relationship. However, the final victory and the acceptance of the distance which separates them as a necessary element of their relationship is expressed in the final sentence: "Hiroshima is your name . . . and you are Nevers in France."

The film and the novel continue to break new ground as is shown by Resnais' co-operation with Alain Robbe-Grillet, the most extreme of the young French writers, in the production of his latest film "L'Anne Derniere a Marienbad." But perhaps more than any art form the cinema will maintain the striking diversity of its output. As an industry the cinema has to depend on commercial and spectacle films for its economic stability and indeed many directors use the profits from these to make more personal and artistic films. Whilst on the one hand spectacle films become more costly and lavish to ensure commercial success, the films of Alain Resnais explore new possibilities of expression within the medium. Though this polarity is inevitable, the serious enthusiast of the cinema should not allow economic problems to influence the artistic evaluation of the film, for the work of art must be judged finally outside the material circumstances which surrounded its production.

RICHARD VEASEY.

The Farewell

So, farewell, love;
The tenderness, the passion, and the hope
Of linked sweetness in the circling night.
Farewell to dreams,
And silence, when our souls
No voices needed, but were joined
Closer than kisses.
Farewell to music, and your voice
Reading some classic tale or storied verse.
Farewell to all those things that made life dear;
And so,
Farewell to you.

Enter student; pressed suit, gleaming shoes, face scrubbed, hair oiled to scalp. Wiggles into chair.

Interviewer: "Now the two of us are going to get along fine. Just relax and don't be nervous. Name? Department? Other interests? Right Well we're a fine democratic company (give him soft soap) with brilliant prospects for a young man like yourself (watch him smile) willing to work his way up from the factory floor after 25 years or so. A long time? Maybe. But we have to completely re-educate students to face the business jungle (God, he believes this patter) no reflection on you but students are theorists in a dream world (blow smoke in his eyes) no knowledge of practical business organisation (boy, how he fidgets) Nevertheless might consider you, good day, next please (have had suckers like that all day).

Here we go again.

. . . . "just relax now blah, blah prospects business jungle might consider you, good day, next please relax (know this by heart) good day, next please" Huh!

Man in riding breeches. Spats! Old Etonian tie. Croquet mallet? Pause.

"Just relax (stop: think: why he give me brace of grouse? He say?) "You say? Pardon? Yes interviewing is boring job. No I come by train Second class not first, I have small expense account, yes, (impertinent, I too will be rude, No, Stop, Stop!)

"What you say about expenses in father's firm? Which firm? Which FIRM? (millions) get down to business he like me.

I get directorate. Certainly? Not definite, decide later, he in hurry.

He off to polo. Takes cigar. Slaps my back "OUCH!"

Hand shake, interview over, Pity.

I shut eye. Feet on desk. Good smoke Old friends soon with Sir Goldworth what! (thinks) One day directorship in Monsterworks Ltd., trips to U.S.A. new home on Downs. Rolls. Riviera two months Oh, hell. Is now 4.30 in drizzly Southampton — Interview Throttlewell next.

"Come in!"

Click, click. Door open, shut. Man zip across room. Is seated. Was quick?

What papers he hold! They say? Monopolies. Statistics. You U.K. Production. Annual Reports of us? Hey, he lean forward, he say? What's he say?

Wake up man, wake up, take feet off desk. Must watch fellow close.

"Yes sir I'm here to interview you yes, sir fine company fine prospects whassat?

Er no, not with me, no. Well I don't know. Not on scientific staff No not last year. Was bad year, was last year, yes and year before, yes but couldn't be helped: dividend will pick up I assure y Oh, chairman said that, did he, well not sure

.... Yes (pull yourself together). Yes but other industries haven't our problems. More I read? No, have not (mind answers). Sorry, you say? (try stop stop him).

Look I know Labour unrest, factory breakdowns but what would *you* do (must control self must). *You* say unsold stocks sorry did I say that? Well anyway no, no I didn't *mean* that. You say a ten million pound loss, I say unofficial, not confirmed and bid by Monsterworks for us also (phew).

Director said it official? Well he is a lousy Director, he is (Hell, he write that down. Is he spy?) Quick, must get out. Sorry, repeat sorry only been month with Appointment Board—new job. Feel not well, tired, yes. O.K. O.K. sorry, can't help, got train to catch. Will talk to you down to station. No, for heaven's sake don't write to *anyone* about this.

MIKE HAYES.

Amongst the Pines

The trees I approach look tall conspirators;
My carved boots slip on a wet, uncertain path,
For scrambling up the sky is unrehearsed,
And the effort trails short sleeves of breath
Across cold air; but soldier's self intact
Stays in the murderous emblems of my wrath.

They are twined about me, a heavy hand
In my difficult progress; tightened plate
With a sword embossed of etchings to the touch,
A dangling sword, that twists undreamed of weight
From side to side, and startles vibrant noise,
The sinister whang that metal and wood create.

No matter what uniform I wear up the hill
To prove I am, and where my mission lies,
Toward the top, acumen fails on air,
This corporate sign (They can't devise
An armour that keeps loneliness at bay)
Loses authority, purpose atrophies.

TERRY HOLMES

Free-Will and Determinism

IN this article I want to discuss a few of the problems surrounding the question of free-will and determinism. That is, to examine the claims of the indeterminist who is committed to the notions of "genuine alternatives" and "open possibilities," and whose difficulty is neither merely to be able to feel the reality of genuine alternatives, nor even to postulate it, but rather to make conceptually clear what he means when he talks about an event which does not flow entirely from its antecedents. Contrasted to this position is that of the determinist who has not only to show that there can be in any event only one possibility which must by definition be actualized, but has also to reconcile such a view with the inescapable fact that human dignity on the whole demands a grander scale of reference—or feels itself sadly cheated.

Although this is by no means the only way of presenting the issues, and despite the fact that I have probably already begged more questions than I shall answer in the rest of the article, I intend to try and answer the questions about free-will within the framework of the above concepts. In doing so, I hope to show that such a method, with its presuppositions as haphazardly mixed as the numbers in a bingo bag, can only lead straight up the blind alley of "well, we've proved that one's insoluble. What's the next problem?" Finally, I want to indicate another type of approach which may (though probably does not) dispel some of the metaphysical fairies from the bottom of the garden.

Indeterminists divide roughly into two species: those who have arrived at their solution through honest philosophical sweat of the brow, and those whose position has been determined *a priori*, and who are faced with working out a satisfactory argument for such a position. The latter are called Christian theologians. These refugees from reason expound the peculiar doctrine of compatibility of omnipotence and free-will. To state the paradox in its crudest form: that God, if he wanted, could convert me in an instant, but not unless I made the choice of my own free-will. The Christian apologist talks of "self-limited omnipotence" or "suspension of omnipotence" or "dependent autonomy of the will," being reduced in the final analysis to presenting an argument which is a travesty of the word—and being proud of it. God emerges not merely as omnipotent but as a super-omnipotent. All powerful does not even begin to describe how powerful God is. No doubt all the apparent paradoxes in this line of thought can be solved by appeal to Mystery.

The humdrum philosophical indeterminist is perhaps just as dogmatic, though not equipped with such inscrutable criteria. One argument which Alasdair MacIntyre has put forward in MIND is that though rational behaviour may be caused, what is uncaused is the agent's particular decision or act, in that only the adducing of logically relevant considerations played a part in determining it. However, in a certain sense we can still say that these logical considerations are somehow the direct cause of the particular decision reached. What has to be shown

to establish the case for indeterminism is that this adducing of logically relevant considerations in a given case can be other than it in fact is. In other words, the question which must be asked after the act is, "Could I have done otherwise?"

Prof. Campbell (MIND, Oct. 1951) believes this question to be answerable. He writes: "Suppose I make the effort and choose X (my duty). Since my very purpose in making the 'effort' is to enable me to act against the existing 'set' of desire, which is the expression of my character as so far formed, I cannot possibly regard the act itself as an expression of my character. On the other hand, introspection makes it equally clear that I am certain that it is I who choose; that the act is not an 'accident,' but is genuinely my act. Or suppose that I choose Y (the end of 'strongest desire'). Since I find myself unable to doubt that I could have made the effort and chosen X, I cannot possibly regard the choice of Y as just the expression of my character." About this argument one can say that it is a psychological fact that the hardest decisions are not accompanied by a feeling of self-exertion, but rather by a feeling of being overcome. One feels that there is only one answer. Secondly, (and this point I make only in passing as it is irrelevant to the main problem) it seems to me that the sentence "Since my very purpose in making the 'effort' is to enable me to act against the existing 'set' of desire, which is the expression of my character as so far formed . . ." is blatantly wrong. To equate or connect character with desire as opposed to duty is rather like equating or connecting an apple with its skin as opposed to its core. Thirdly, to say after the act that one could have done otherwise is to invite the question "Can you prove it?" To say this is to do no more than make the tautologous statement, "I could have done otherwise, if I had done otherwise." Clarence Shute (MIND, July 1961) sums up the problem as follows: "The fatal weakness of the indeterminist is that he cannot make conceptually clear to himself or to others the meaning of genuine alternatives."

The determinist position rests largely on the proposition that it is meaningless to talk about "he could have done otherwise." Some of their arguments for this assertion are outlined above. The fact of existence is, however, that we tend to think as if we have free-choices; that is, in moral issues, we make the distinction between "duty" and "desire." Indeed the whole of our moral experience, implying as it does a duty, depends on the notion of freedom for its validity. However, when in a moral context we say a man could or could not have done something, we are concerned with the ascription of moral responsibility. If we take the case of the lazy boy, it makes perfect sense to say he is "responsible" for not doing his homework, even though his laziness has been caused by environment and heredity. He can, under circumstances, do his homework. And so it begins to appear that the metaphysical question of determinism, like that of indeterminism, is quite irrelevant to the rationality of our ascription of responsibility and hence to the question of moral experience. The problem must be posed in another way to make sense of it.

I shall now state an alternative hypothesis made by Clarence Shute (MIND, July 1961) which, being an argument of analogy, may cause slight discomfort among those already brainwashed by the puerile analogies of revealed religion. Nevertheless, I shall state it. The analogy is made by applying the principle of "complementarity" as used in quantum mechanics to solve "the wave or particle" controversy. "The experimenter decides what question he shall put to nature in the particular arrangement, and in doing so he decides whether he will get results which can be understood in the terms of one picture or of the other. The question of what nature 'really' is independently of the questions we put to her is considered a question which cannot be asked." This does not mean to say that an action can be both determined and undetermined, but that it can be described as either, though not as both. Shute therefore, wants to say that the controversies over determinism have assumed a point of view analogous to the physicists who persist in the attempt to formulate one conceptual model which will fit both sets of experimental data, and that thus framed, the controversy is meaningless "The hypothesis is that the 'moral situation' names a complex of events which overlap . . . and that some elements of the complex can be understood only in terms of casual determinism and others only in terms of indeterminism."

The problem thus stated by-passes the difficulties both of the traditional determinists and indeterminists. That it raises other problems of a quite different nature, is clear. But they are beyond the scope of this article. All I have wanted to do is to indicate that the problem is by no means cut and dried, nor is it dead. I have attempted an exposition, not an exploration.

PAUL MOORMAN.

Serenade to Autumn

Uncertain moving, as with stricken feet,
While leaves change colour, wither, droop and die,
Now winter's iron embrace the year must meet,
While smoky sunset falters in the sky.
The silent shrouding mist goes creeping by
As though to mask the dying Autumn's face,
Till Winter's ancient miracle come nigh
When, midst these emblems of decaying grace,
A Child of Hope is born—our night to day gives place.

The Extreme Edge of Living

Mrs. Martin: You cacklegobblers! You gobblecacklers!

Mr. Martin: Cat's lick and pot's luck!

Mrs. Smith: Krishnawallop, Krishnawallop, Krishnawallop!

Mr. Smith: The Pope's eloped! The Pope's no soap! Soap is dope!

The problem of "non-communication"! Influenced by Flaubert and Chekhov! Like Beckett, like Simpson, like Pinter! And the literary critics whooped for joy; they'd found another literary school. So Ionesco and his three contemporaries were neatly compartmentalized and the critics presented the world with "The Theatre of the Absurd." How fortunate that there were similarities of language and use of the stage between their plays. Without them these playwrights would have eluded generalisations. But we are democratic, all men are equal after all and once again nasty, anti-social tendencies towards a genius have been subject to the herding instinct of ordinary mortals.

How similar are these four playwrights, in fact?

They all strip language of its finery and reduce it to its simplest forms. Ionesco composed "La Jeune Fille à Marier" entirely of platitudes:

Lady: And central heating, Sir. What about central heating?

Did they have that in their caves?

Gentleman: Well now, dear lady, when I was a small child . . .

Lady: Such a pretty age.

Gentleman: We used to light our homes with oil—and sometimes even with candles.

Lady: That happens even today when the electricity fails.

Gentleman: Machines are not perfect either. They were invented by man and have all his faults, etc.

Like Ionesco, Pinter uses platitudes to show how people evade the truth when they communicate:

"What's one thing to do with another!" Ben shouts in reply to Gus's very precise questions in "The Dumb Waiter." Beckett, in order to throw the vagueries of after-theatre chatter into relief, makes Clov and Hamm discuss the sound of an alarm clock in "Endgame."

— Did you hear it?

— Vaguely.

— The end is terrific.

— I prefer the middle.

Similarly, Simpson replaces ordinary subjects of day-to-day conversation by extraordinary ones: elephants are kept in the suburban garden and eagles are discovered to need spectacles to help fight vertigo!

Divorcing the subject from language is a practice common to all these writers and it becomes a weapon of attack not only on social weaknesses but also on the audience itself. Beckett's "Lucky," ironically enough a close rival to "Candide" for the position of the most unlucky character

in literature, can utterly hypnotise the audience with his five minutes of rapid, meaningless gabble in "Waiting for Godot." In Pinter's "Caretaker" this same power of irrelevant words is used to terrorise Davies, the tramp. And Ionesco's plays are almost physical onslaughts on the audience because of the un-ending streams of nonsense that issue from the characters.

To belabour the audience with further blows, these men have introduced a type of drama where the set itself becomes wildly alive. In the "Dumb Waiter" lavatory chains are pulled and serving hatches rush mysteriously up and down, delivering impossible orders. For Beckett's "Acte sans Paroles" cubes, water jugs and scissors descend from the flies. And in Ionesco's plays furniture replaces the actors, portraits come alive and join in the play and young married couples lay eggs on stage!

Well, it certainly sounds absurd, I admit. But because they each arrive at their attitudes for totally different reasons, it is superficial to try to link them together with this generalisation.

For Ionesco, the world is absurd and men try to deny this fact by asserting arbitrary controls over it: logic, convention, the need for security. But the artist must give his imagination a chance of freedom and that's where the chaos ensues. Of course the artist must be lucid to convey the flights of his imagination to others. But to remain lucid in front of such a pageant of absurdity can result in nothing but laughter. Consequently all Ionesco's plays are hilarious. For him, only the comic can be taken seriously. Beckett's attitude is quite different. Together with other Frenchmen, Malraux and Camus notably, he sees pain, weakness and death as incompatible with any desire to regard the world with optimism, and especially with any concept of a benevolent God controlling the universe. From this contradiction Beckett derives his pessimistic view of man the puppet subject to misery, boredom, pain, and unsuccessful in anything he undertakes. Reduced, in fact, to inventing little distractions to prevent himself thinking about the absurdity of it all:

Ask father if he wants to listen to my story.

Simpson is surely the most shallow of the four. He has retained the humour of Ionesco's absurd world and involves himself mainly in satire of society and language. But so far his themes have been unimportant and it is difficult to see how he can develop beyond the narrow limits he has defined for himself. As one critic put it: "Jokes without characterisation do get a little boring after a while."

It is curious that as an Englishman he has also adopted the French tradition of dealing with types of man and not men. Frenchmen are much more at home with abstractions than we are and are consequently much more preoccupied with them. It is in this respect that I find Ionesco and Beckett unsatisfactory. Ionesco seems to be aiming at the extremes of unbridled imaginative phantasy where the rôle of people diminishes as his efforts grow more abstract. His plays are highly entertaining and interesting but one feels that the trick of language can never really grip you again, that the scenic devices can never surprise you

again and that the extravagances of his imagination will rapidly lose their refreshing qualities. Beckett's journey into poetic purity and classicism has condensed human experiences into a formula. Man is not even a series of types now, but a condition, a static symbol of misery and helplessness. Consequently, this same Man recurs in all Beckett's creations, depersonalised and constructed of a set of predicted reactions. He has, himself, compressed this view of life into a two-page mime where a tacit Man, characterless and responding to the jerks of the malevolent puppet-master, is tormented by a series of vicious stage properties. Finally, Man just stands still prepared to accept all assaults on his dignity and person, knowing that to move forwards or backwards means simply that he will suffer the same treatment in his new position.

Pinter has taken much from his French contemporaries, but in moderation. The result is that he can still offer "real" people in "real" situations. From the particular he evokes the general but without sacrificing all the fascination and solidity of people. He does not relegate his characters to dustbins where they become nonentities, but preserves their identities through the most gruelling situations. Violence, cruelty, insecurity and fear remain, for this much he concedes to the absurd but they involve complete and fascinating people. At the extreme point of his imaginative flights he evokes, in "The Dwarfs," the topsy-turvy world of two madmen. But this is not an exercise in phantasy; it is rather a preoccupation with a Pirandellian theme, that of the confusion of values. What is normality, he asks. In "The Collection" he shows that he is not helplessly obsessed with this particular aspect of values, for here we begin with a simple story which develops into an utterly confusing mass of contradictory evidence. Here, then, he asks, what is truth.

It is curious that faced with such a versatile and perceptive playwright, critics have still been prepared to state that, like Ionesco and Beckett, Pinter has no intellectual core, never does any hard thinking. Replying to one such critic, Kenneth Tynan, Pinter replied that he was writing about people "at the extreme edge of their living" and that the problems encountered there (loneliness, fear, insecurity) were every bit as vital, if not more so, as any political or social themes. Ionesco, talking about realism, has asserted this opinion too:—

Realism, whether it be socialist or not,
falls short of reality. It shrinks it,
attenuates it; it does not take into
account our basic truths and our
fundamental obsessions: love, death and astonishment.

Art lives by imagination. However strange and absurd the products of the minds of these playwrights may seem to our conventional and restricted appreciations, we must recognise that they are concerned nevertheless with a reality deeper and more vital than many traditional works of art. Artistic truth has to be continually restating itself and, if we want to remain part of this process, we must continually renew our vocabulary. Simpson has stayed comfortably at home. Ionesco has

journeyed to the edge of the living and returned with some remarkable, though often frivolous and incomprehensible, revelations. Beckett has jumped off the edge into nothingness. Pinter slipped over the edge and found the violence and injustice of "The Dumb Waiter" and the terror of "The Room." But he landed on the ledge where he could still feel the oppressive and compulsive horror of the abyss, and yet could imagine men, enriched by the experience, resisting the temptation to jump, fighting for victory over the assaults of their absurd condition. Out of this experience he has created the highpoint of modern English drama: "The Caretaker." Aston, resisting with all his meagre resources the attacks of human weakness, is the twentieth century hero.

I am not asking for moral art. I admire "Waiting for Godot" immensely and few plays are more pessimistic. But if the abyss beyond the edge of living is nothingness then it can only be important in so far as it teaches us truer values on this side. And nothingness can be a frightful bore.

TONY CALLEN.

January, 1960

Makes you wonder if all this was ever clean.
Yet you think it must have been
In the day
Before cars, pylons, dustbins, oppressive and gay
Posters, advertisements, iron railings,
When all they had were kraals and wooden palings.
Look at it now—
Dirt, wastepaper, and unmelted snow,
Grey-black facades laced with lemon yellow;
The dull and grimy bellow
Contrast to the not so dirty
Colours. Pavement ripped up for full thirty
Feet or more; men therein shovel out clay
Or lean on their shovels, drink tea all day
And make it even dirtier, grimmer,
Unclean.

PETE MIDDLETON.

Prometheus in the Provinces

"... the necessity of crime which weighs upon the man who is intent on raising himself to the condition of a Titan..." (D'Annunzio).

Stéphane was sitting in the Café de la Paix, one side of his personality hoping that some of the young socialites he despised would come and talk to him; for although his contempt was sincere, their company helped to alleviate his worst attacks of lethargy—he was in the grips of one now—and their life of easy glamour aroused his energy, either to persuade himself into their attitude, or to oppose it, even if only within the confines of his own personality, with all the forces of his soul. He did not hope to attain either of these goals—indeed he did not even really want to; he sought the energy to attempt the realisation of his desires, not the fruits of his efforts.

But he was disturbed in his meditation on the relative merits of solitary lethargy and humbling himself by enjoying the company of those he despised—for, he freely admitted, while his enjoyment with them had not the depth of the satisfaction given by, say, Wagner, it was none the less real, the passage of time under its influence being swift and painless. The crack of a pistol, high-pitched but flat in the hot afternoon air; the crunch of fist or truncheon on flesh and bone; the confused scuffling of many pairs of feet. It was an affair of seconds, but Stéphane had slid from his table and was away round the corner, drawn by the sound of violence.

He was frustrated, however; as he panted up a police van was just moving off, and a gendarme was dispersing the crowd of bystanders; disconsolately he turned away, not bothering to ask what had happened; the facts were of no interest, it was the spectacle of violence which had attracted him.

Stéphane was not in the least violent or cruel by nature: for example, he was genuinely sorry at causing disappointment to a beggar by not giving him the 20 francs he had asked for, although at the same time he had not had the slightest intention of parting with his money, nor an even momentary desire to do so. And yet violence wove a strange intangible spell over him: he adored the fight sequences in Westerns and crime films, and would grind his teeth together and clench his fists and jerk and twist in his seat in a paroxysm of hatred until sometimes his neighbour would ask if he were ill, and he would reply, "No, no; just a twinge of toothache," and slowly relax his muscles again.

At first this fascination with violence had worried Stéphane, but he had quickly grown used to it, and accepted it without questioning; but as he walked back to the café he suddenly understood: in violence all his frustrated desires, especially his fight against lethargy, would find fruition. The "rebellion against convention" and "journey round his own soul," which he had seen as the centre-post of his existence, suddenly showed themselves for what they were: two small whorls in a pattern of inactivity.

He used to doze in bed late in the mornings, for, as he said, one could think just as well in bed as out of it; but the fact remained that it did make the day that much shorter. And the way in which he used to boil his coffee over a slow gas, ostensibly so that it would infuse better! And the sudden realisation, astonishingly vivid, of his own inactivity, that he was condemning himself to being a nonentity in his own eyes, combined with the submission that violence had ravished from him, aroused in his soul the atavistic, irrepressible desire for self-fulfilment latent in all of us, and gave him, as by a miracle, the energy he had lacked. "He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword"; why not? A short life and a sweet one: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" By God, he would live by the sword and find his own soul! By God, he would kill, he would take someone in his two hands and . . . A young couple went by, smiling happily into each other's eyes and Stéphane thought dazedly: "murder!" And he stood in awe before the unsounded depths of his own soul.

Sanity returned but slowly, and he forced himself into the nearest café, and drank a couple of Pernods, trying in desperation to dispel the frightening vision which had just risen before his eyes.

Life resumed its normal course; he still got up late and boiled his coffee over a slow gas; but somewhere at the back of his memory lurked the disturbing vision of that afternoon by the Café de la Paix, and periodically it would slide imperceptibly into his conscious, but never with enough force to disturb the balance of his mind again.

And then, suddenly late one evening the fabric of his normality was split in two by an item in the newspaper: it told of a particularly sickening crime, of a girl of twelve who had been brutally assaulted and murdered, and whose body had been found on the quais by the Saône; the criminal was thought to be one of the alcoholic old tramps who used to sleep there during the summer.

Stéphane could picture the whole scene to himself: the little girl dawdling along, watching the shadow of the barges on the dark waters; the heavy, half-controlled breathing of the tramp in the dark; the sudden pounce . . . As the images crowded ever swifter before his eyes, he felt the blood thickening at the back of his head as blind rage against the murderer slowly overtook and controlled his whole psyche; and, induced by the thought of violence, his vision of that afternoon poured into his mind, obscuring all other thoughts and images. In a frenetic haste he rumaged through drawers, hunting for his sheath-knife; calmly, he started to clean it. The calmness was not a rational control of his passions: it was caused by an emptying from his soul of everything but the plain intention to go out and kill; had his mind not been so darkened by the image of violence, by his vision of that afternoon, he would undoubtedly have found lurking at the back the idea of avenging the little girl; but really her death had only served as a catalyst; "He who lives by the sword shall find his own soul, he who lives by the sword

shall find his own soul, he who lives . . .³³; his destiny was clear, it seemed to him.

Soon the knife lay on the table before him, passive and insensate, a narrow gleam of white steel; he had polished it, rubbed and rubbed, removed every speck of rust, trying to infuse something of his own desire into the inanimate object, trying to make it part of himself, but its own presence, its own refusal to have its nature changed, was too positive, and he had had to abandon the vain attempt.

He would have preferred to strangle, for the idea of the intimate struggle, man against his fellow, corresponded exactly to the primitive urge he was fulfilling; but the picture, almost concrete, so strong was the power of his imagination, of veins fluttering against his nerve ends, of purple flesh framing the strained whiteness of his hands, had made him retch; his body would not allow him to struggle. The knife was a compromise; the short blade, driven home, would bind him inseparably to the man, and he made a note to keep a firm hold on the hilt as the man died, and to live to the full the fusion of his spirit and this quivering flesh.

Below the quai, the Sâone lay dark and inert in the starlight; it was deserted, but for an old man standing at the edge, looking at the track of the moon on the black water, and muttering to himself in his drunken stupor; he turned and scuffed back towards the piece of cardboard he had laid out in the shadow of the bridge. Stéphane slipped towards him, his conscious mind paralysed, his body drawn as if by an irresistible lodestone.

As the steel sank into the man's flesh below the shoulder-blade, Stéphane began to realise that unity, that positive purpose he had sought for so long. It was as if depriving this creature of its existence were imbuing the steel with attributes dovetailing perfectly with the vacant areas of his soul, the indentations of his search, and the low, choking gurgle in the tramp's throat was his mystical music of the spheres. Unwittingly, the tramp passed from life into death. And Stéphane stood, staring down at the corpse, trying to watch the seed of life as he felt it flow out of the dead flesh and fecundate his own soul. Regretfully—for he would have liked to stay in this position for ever—he withdrew the knife.

Looking at the inert flesh on the ground, the old tramp seemed almost a friend, so complete had been their fusion, and he felt a little sorry for him; he wished the dead man could teach the whole world the oneness he had achieved. And he looked long and lovingly at the knife-blade, stained with the tramp's blood, already congealing for him, the dull red patches were a revelation of the godhead.

As he came up from the quai to the street he felt the velvety, enveloping friendliness of the city's night, and the tall buildings leaned down towards him.

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November, 1961.

The Dahlia and the Dog Rose

ONCE upon a time, in a carefully tended spacious garden, there grew an orange dahlia. I say "orange" but in fact her outer petals were palest creamy pink and graduated at the centre to a vivid flame colour. She was a very beautiful dahlia and the dog-rose beside which she grew thought her the most beautiful flower in all the gardens of the world—not that he had seen all the gardens of the world, but that's a lover's way of talking. For the dog-rose was hopelessly in love with his next neighbour. Hopelessly not because she scorned him, but because she had little time to spare for romance; she was too concerned about growing old. For from the moment she was born, that is when her first petal began to uncurl (and flowers you must know mature much earlier than we humans), she started to think about withering and fading.

All day, every day, from dawn till dusk the dog-rose who, although shy was very kind at heart, would try to comfort the dahlia, wanting to turn her thoughts to gayer topics, perhaps, who knows, even to dreams of tiny dog-dahlias, a species hitherto unknown. But the dahlia was adamant.

"What's the use of my being beautiful now," she would wail, "if in a week's time I'll be nothing but a heap of brown stained, bruised petals at your feet? Just look at that young bud over there. In a week's time she'll be the queen of the flower bed, not I!"

"But my dear," protested the dog-rose, "you are the queen now and you're not enjoying it one little bit. Why don't you stop worrying. Why only this morning I overheard two of those handsome stocks praising your looks and wishing they had been planted a little nearer, at least within nodding distance. Nobody who sees you can help admiring you, yet all day long you sit here fretting instead of enjoying yourself. And . . . well . . . (the dog-rose when discussing personal matters always became far less eloquent, even halting in his speech) well I do love you very much and if you would only smile at me just a little . . . but the dahlia was too busy anxiously counting her petals to hear his words.

"Four days" she whispered to herself, "four days of glory left. Then my outside petals will start to shrivel and turn brown. Then I'll know it's all over. In fact I can feel a tiny ache starting already. Oh my lovely, lovely youth," and she burst into loud sobs. The dog-rose, most upset by this, put a comforting though trembling tendril about her.

"There, there my dear. You'll only spoil yourself if you cry." This of course made the little dahlia sob even more violently. So the dog-rose waited patiently until she had calmed down, then wiped her tears away with a soft young leaf and began again proffering his advice and his love.

But the neurotic little dahlia broke in upon his speech with a story, one he had heard many times before, of an ageing dahlia she had seen in her first hours of uncurling and who had been snipped off some few hours later by a watchful gardener.

Well, day after unhappy day passed and the dahlia did fade and wither and die, without ever having once enjoyed her splendid rights to homage and affection. And the devoted, unrewarded dog-rose was transplanted for the next season. But, wonder of wonders, one year later, in the very same bed which the dahlia and the dog-rose had shared, there appeared a strange, exotic yet hardy perennial which baffled all the gardeners and even erudite botanists. It had spiky orange blossoms on woody stems guarded by prickles. And a certain bee who, so it was said in hive gossip, fancied his ability to work small miracles, but was really only a meddler, was seen to be wearing a very satisfied smirk all summer.

MARION CALLEN.

Willow-Girl

Movement.
Not the fall of metal (the cracking air and crash).
The weightless whisper of watery willows
 Riding over the savage air.
The sight as this:—
A green-grey leaf, a needle
 Lifting lolling loftily;
Sharp, oh nettle-sting, pleasantness—
 pleasantness of touch and kiss.
Missing the familiarity, freshness fall
Rustle,
 And the fireflies scatter
Rustle,
 And the brushing waters.
Rustle, Rustle, wrench and char
The salix, split her branches—
 part her bark—
 her wooden woman to dispel
And all this—
 Oh, you willow girl!

D. G. DRURY.

The Barrow

WALLEYE was hungry. He got up from the edge of the clearing and pressed into the trees. The mess of branches veiled most of the weak sunlight, and a man would have been afraid, peopling the unknown with images from his own partly awakened mind. But Walleye wasn't afraid. This forest and its dangers was all he knew, although he had seen the barren spaces beyond, where no creatures ever went. Why should they, when all the necessities for survival were present in the recesses of these woods?

He pushed forward, more conscious of dullness in his stomach, carrying only his sling and a fistful of metal objects he had found in a stream bed. More effective he thought for killing small, furry animals, than flint which took so long to shape for throwing.

The sun had lost its virility. Only a pale red-eye sunk in the mist. He felt autumn in the sharp air, and shivered at the thought of winter. Moisture crystallised on the low, peat-coloured branches. The gloom receded as he advanced, stooping now and then to avoid tenacious, spiked creepers. His left hand, stronger than his right, held the sling and missiles. His right arm hung awkwardly by his side, its strength sapped by the stub of flesh, jutting under his armpit, in grotesque semblance of a third arm, still-born. When his thick, bare soles sank into the moist earth, a foul odour would creep into the trees. So he sought the firmer ground over the roots. Silence flowed on silence. Even the frogs were quiet. Occasionally the stillness was disturbed by a crisp leaf, curled at the edges, grazing his matted cheeks.

The afternoon wore on as Walleye traced his way through the undergrowth, but nothing moved at his approach. Not even a squirrel. After several hours of fruitless hunting, he reached the nearest edge of the forest where the country fell away into a huge basin, many miles in diameter. Now the sun was low, it cast only a dull, violet glaze on the scene, and it was impossible to see the further side where the forest was resumed. In this light the basin was a wide scab, falling into obscurity.

When he came to this place, Walleye always felt an unusual, pricking sensation in his scalp, and a sudden wish to hurl himself into the jungle whose dangers he knew. Creatures at the wood's edge would sometimes hear a distant, grumbling sound like a far away rock-fall. Then if they were foolish enough to wait, they would see a pillar of dust rising far out over the basin; the wind bore choking gases to the trees which were poison to breathe. Walleye remembered the occasion he had stumbled on the decomposing body of a female, her one rotten breast a blue mound of flies. Now he had been driven here by necessity.

It was as he turned to the forest, that a sudden movement caught his eye, some distance in the basin's interior. His fear of the place was strong, but hunger was more powerful, and night was descending. With sudden resolution he jerked out of the trees and stalked, cat-like, towards

the movement, between small, grasping shrubs. White dust collected on his soles, and his feet stubbed against fragments of red rock that were more numerous here than among the trees. He had moved only a short distance from the forest edge when he saw the cause of the disturbance. A ragged, black bird was pecking at the entrails of a small, shattered animal. Walleye dropped on his stomach and eased closer. He settled at the top of a slight decline, and swung the sling in a sharp arc. With the impetus of releasing the metal object from its hide cup, he fell forward, and rolled into the dip in a snowball of dust. He came to rest on the level ground, and stumbled to his feet. But as he regained his balance, the dust tore from under him and he crashed through the surface into darkness.

The bird lay dead, under the moon couched like a fat spider in the net of sky. Walleye thought at first that night was come and he was lying in the clearing, pillowed against a tree. But as his senses returned, fear stabbed him with a vicious twist. He knew that he had fallen into a hidden cavity, and instinct told him that if he didn't escape, it would be his tomb.

A little moonlight mingled with the dark, and he could see a heap of bleached stems by his elbow, like the remnants of a fire after rain. His eye focussed on a squat lump of hard material partly buried by dust and earth. He seized it desperately to use as a foothold, his eye only grazing its surface where weird signs were scrawled like worm runs in sand. PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION, 1960.

Blood drooled from his broken nails as he clawed out of the ground. Strange gurgles struggled in his throat, emerging in a long, weird moan, as he staggered into the friendly woods.

Awayness

Ended. In that one word an everything
makes itself a nothing:
a life, a world is gone—
there's no recall,
for what was made by both, by both created
is lost in losing half its Maker.
Sick hollowness remains;
for once they do not share. And yet—
their thoughts are still of each other;
only now, these do not meet,
mutual awareness is no more.
It is an awayness.

June 1961

TIMOTHY BUCK.

"Breakfast at Tiffany's" by Truman Capote

A SIMPLE tale of a "loose woman set against a sordid scene of New York—this is the barest skeleton outline of "Breakfast at Tiffany's," yet the details which fill in the outline lend a distinctly original flavour to an otherwise hackneyed theme.

Holly Golightly would shock even the most broadminded reader if it were not for her relationship with the narrator of the book. This relationship brings out all the child-like trust, pathos and sympathetic qualities of the main character. Yet her loose morals, or lack of morals are still the most important of her characteristics, for the first time she appears on the scene, her way of life is revealed in no uncertain terms. This way of life and her natural character are played against each other throughout the work. Her physical description introduces us to this method of characterisation.

"It was a face beyond childhood, yet this side of belonging to a woman."

Even her conversation ranges from bad language to a simple and moving appreciation of the people for whom she feels real affection. Her attitude to sex is amoral; a relationship between a man and woman is, in her opinion, no different from that between two women; her flippant and casual opinion that "dykes are wonderful homemakers" is revived again much later with her suggestion that she could marry a woman as easily as a man. The author never suggests that this is perversion, but shows it as a result of Holly's naïvety. This way of living, however, offsets her very true and poignant relationship with the narrator. She associates him from the start with her brother, Fred, and this association gains significance as the narrative continues. At first, it is an arbitrary association; there is no question of the relationship being any deeper than mere acquaintance. He is introduced in a completely different manner from her other male acquaintances, and when her brother dies, the narrator quite naturally takes his place in her life.

This death is the inner and most important climax of Holly's life; she is a changed character from this point, although superficially, her life continues as before. Fred has to die, so that the brother-sister relationship can flourish. This climax prepares us for two major events in the future. Holly saves the narrator's life and he repays her when she is arrested, because of her almost innocent part in the drug-peddling, and all other relationships fade. This is an external climax which leads directly to the conclusion. The genuine friendship with the narrator cannot triumph over the external forces which are levelled against Holly, and only when she has to leave New York does she realise the importance of the emotions which she has taken for granted. Her attachment to her cat is not at all sentimental, for it serves to evoke pathos from the speedy leave-taking. She has always considered herself, and the cat as being connected only because of their respective independence, yet when she must part from it, she realises their attachment. These two climaxes are

interwoven, and neither can be considered as the major one. Psychologically, the inner climax of the character is the most important, yet it cannot triumph over the impartial conditions of law and order. Holly is a timeless and ageless character with a mature knowledge of the world, yet a naïve approach to it. Her cruelty towards Mag Wildwood is child-like cruelty, yet shows a very perceptive insight into nature and the hard world in which she lives.

Her relationship with Jose contributes very little to the psychological character or the dramatic work, and is difficult to explain. It is not that Holly is suddenly desperate to be married, for she already has a husband, and her need for real affection is fulfilled by her relationship with the narrator. It must be an attempt on the part of the author to mingle sex and emotion in Holly's life, but this is unnatural for her. She shows more feeling in parting from her cat, than when Jose disappears, and the loss of her baby produces little or no reaction at all.

The style of the work is slick and shows a variety of rhythm in language. The most outstanding example of this is during the episode of the runaway horse. The author employs a racy and breathless style, until the horse is stopped and the rhythm comes to an abrupt halt, an anti-climax.

"It was then that at last, I fell off her back."

The author is just as efficient, however, in imitating as in creating his own style. The newspapers' report of Holly's arrest are satirically true to life, presenting a cold indifferent approach to a likeable, warm-hearted and impulsive character. This contrast is not implicitly suggested, for the reports are proof in themselves of the author's intention.

The conclusion of the work is appropriate, both in dramatic and psychological terms. The beginning has given us a little knowledge of Holly's movements after leaving New York, the conclusion explains the reasons. As far as characters are concerned, Holly leaves the narrator as she found him, the only difference being memories that will fade but never quite disappear. Significantly, almost the last words are of the cat. He has found a home where he belongs, but we can only hope that Holly has, too. Perhaps Tiffany's seems an odd title when reading the book, but symbolically, it stands for Holly's ideal. She mentions Tiffany's at strategic points in the work, quite casually, but she never reaches this ideal. In fact, this symbol could almost be studied as another theme of the book, yet to me, the character of Holly as she is, not as she wants to be, is more significant.

AUDREY THORNTON.

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